

# The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1801.

[NO. VII.]

A new Novel, entitled, "MARGARETTA; OR, THE VILLAGE MAID," will shortly be handed for publication. We shall insert a few pages in the LADIES' MONITOR, as a specimen of the work, that those who may wish to become subscribers may be enabled to form an idea of its merit. It is written by the authoress of the SECOND VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, BEGGAR-GIRL, &c. &c.

[CONTINUED.]

*Rahway-Bridge, April 29.*

DEAR JACK,

HERE we are, boy, safely moored, but more by good luck than otherwise; for, by the by, our carriage broke down and lodged us in a damned dirty village. Considering the expedition we went on, and the good success attending it, I think we shall get home with flying colours. For after travelling half the world over in search of him, the fellow was at last kidnapped in N—. Poor devil.—paid dear enough for his frolic. He fell, and our brave William came off victorious, with a little slice or so, out of his left shoulder, by Winimore's bullet. No matter for that; 'tis enough to be brave, an't it. What's life at best; a vapour; whiff...away it is; oblivion follows of course...Stand your ground man as long as you can, and when at length you must die, why die like a man.

I had a kind of sneaking regard once myself for Bill's sister; by Jove she was a fine girl; I mean a fine looking girl; for faith I don't trust the looks of these sly lussies any more. Such a fine face; such nice behaviour; faith boy you would have loved her yourself. I woo'd her. I was, I suppose, according to my own manner; rough enough, no doubt. Yet the silly one should not have regarded appearances. My heart sure meant it well enough. She laughed at my presumption. Hey, thought I, girl take your own course; by Jove, Cupid's bullet shall never kill me; if I must die by one, it must come

whistling from the mouth of a cannon. And so I got off without much ado.

Not long after, Mr. Winimore became entangled or pretended to be. I dare say he called her his honey; his dear; and sweet creature...She was caught,—courted awhile,—then fell. By Jupiter! it was a woeful fall; her brother's life had nearly been the forfeit. I hope, for the future, a little honeying and dearing may not induce her, thus imprudently, to expose the life of so worthy a fellow as William to the shot of so mean, so surrilous, so villainous a scoundrel. Not satisfied sufficiently with her seduction, but with the utmost depravity that can possibly vilify the human heart, he seemed to glory in it, by boasting of his almost unprecedented conquest to his bottle companions: but, by Jupiter! his boasting time is over; he lies quiet enough now,—poor dog. Such be the fate of all his compeers.

I wish we were once more seated in our stage-coach; there would then be some room to hope that we should soon see your blustering visages again. Where it not for the view of a beautiful cottage here, and its good-looking inhabitants, I should long since have lost all patience. I am very sure that, in the course of my life, I have passed a thousand hovels and cottages, but regarded them either with indifference, or not at all. But here, anon, my sight is wonderfully attracted; especially when the cottager's daughter appears: faith, boy, a handsome girl, blooming, tall, and slender. One kiss from thee, love, would recompence me for all my trials and tribulations suffered since my departure from B—re: but she is shy. She flies from me as a wild deer from the hounds. Oh! if I could trap you, you little modest sauce-box, I'd be revenged on you, for your diffidence and unnecessary fear of me.

Our landlady is a good kind of woman: if it be true, what she intimates respecting these people,



Margaretta, as she calls this cottage beauty, is not a good girl. Faith, I am sorry for that; nor have I reason to be sorry for it either. For suppose I should take it into my wise head to make a prize of her, I could by this mean accomplish my end with more facility. An excellent expedient this, to own a lovely woman, and keep my neck out of the noose of matrimony; for which your humble servant has ever felt the utmost aversion.

To avoid being jolted like a criminal going to the gallows, I have concluded to steer homeward by water. William has intimated, by several hints, that he would wish to protract his journey a few days longer. He seems pleased with the situation of this village; pleased with the people of the inn; pleased in short, with every thing; but never gives the least hint of being pleased with my little cottage-girl. I have some reason to fear, that in her, he finds the most alluring and agreeable object of all that is pleasing in the village, or its vicinity.

I must endeavour to be made acquainted with this Margaretta. I shall, however, journey on to B—re, merely to rid myself of William: I love him as a youthful friend, but he must, to retain my friendship, steer clear as a rival. In a week or two I shall return and commence my attack at the cottage.

Who, in the name of Jupiter! should have thought that the bold, wave-defying Andrew Waller would ever stoop to such trifles: but after all that is said and done, tell me, man, what is all this world without lovely woman?

Faith, Jack, an idea pervades my lunatic brain, that I shall, ere I am popped off this busy stage of action, become the cringing! sighing! dying! lover!!—By Jupiter! it would vex me confoundly to be laughed at in the forty-first year of my age, by my jolly bottle-blades, for the doating lover, and perhaps the dis—dis—disappointed lover!!

Pray mention nothing of this to R—, or D—, or W—. I must first see how my scheme succeeds. Meantime, your's as ever,

ANDREW WALLER.

*Rahway-Bridge, May 7.*

How now, Augustus? by what wondrous miracle have you come to be the conscientious man?

Strange! that a rake should pretend to point out moral precepts to a brother in iniquity. One good example has more influence on my mind than fifty elaborate sermons would have. I advise thee, therefore, my friend, to exemplify thy sanctity in thy conduct; restore to ten or twenty girls their lost reputation; lost through thy wiles and arts, and give over thy eager pursuit of the same game, and I, perhaps, may be persuaded to desist at the cottage.

Have I not already told you, that I mean to provide princely for her? Marry Arabella you know I must; but Margaretta shall nevertheless be mine. My father's injunction either to marry her, or be disinherited, is too warmly impressed on my memory to let me run the risque of being a beggar, by marrying this pretty girl. Besides, were I not even compelled to act conformably to my prudent father's inclination, I should not be romantic enough to consign myself as a sacrifice to a little rustic, at the altar of Hymen. No, no; many belles of fashion have attractions more suitable to my ambitious views in life. I must marry a fortune, and join only in the silken bonds of love with this lovely maid.

My end will easily be accomplished with this girl; for, as to the career of seduction, she appears to be an absolute novice; and modesty, that irresistible quality in woman, to conquer the most fortified heart of man, beams from her charming eye. Too innocent to be conscious of danger, she will fall a victim to the first conspicuous pretender; for her animated eye beams, at every glance, genuine love, and boundless confidence.

I must first assail her old father and mother with promises too alluring for age and poverty to withstand. This will be my point more than half gained; for I could not, with impunity, at least, rob these artless aged creatures of the comfort of their declining years. I am not hardened enough in villainy to be guilty of so cruel an act of injustice. To reconcile this manœuvre therefore more readily with my conscience, I intend to make such stipulations with them, that the few remaining days of their lives, may glide smoothly down to the pool of oblivion, and Margaretta shall have reason to bless herself for being thus instrumental in their unexpected happiness.

More than half persuaded by your reasonable ar-



guments, I conducted Captain Waller to the packet, with the pious intention of leaving her to the peaceful enjoyment of her solitude. I must confess it cost me one sigh: and would you believe that, rake, as you will have me, I gloried in the conquest over myself, and felt greatly exalted in my own opinion. But on a mature deliberation of her singular beauty and humble situation, duty, as well as inclination, prompted me to return. She lives exposed to the snares of designing men: a day may come, when she may fall a sacrifice to one whose aims may not, in one sense, be as honourable as mine. I concluded, therefore, to draw this rare flower from its sequestered spot, transplant it to a richer soil, there to flourish in transcendent beauty, and yield spontaneous pleasure to every beholder, but more particularly to its enraptured owner.

The cool, platonic Captain Waller, is warmed into sensibility of the generous passion by the view of this charming cottage-girl. Description would fall short in the delineation of her various attractions. Her countenance is full of innocence, yet enlivened with a due degree of animation. Her complexion is as the fresh blowing rose of a dewy morning: a just symmetry of features: a form nobly majestic; yet all the graceful ease of seventeen playing in every air. She is, in truth, a charming creature.

When we had reached the packet, and I intimated my wish to the Captain, of returning, he appeared uneasy; but when I actually had stepped on shore, and he saw me bent on leaving him, he darted a look of anger at me, and swore that he must have a word or two with me on that subject. 'One or the other,' said he angrily, 'must relinquish her.' 'How, Captain,' returned I, 'have you an eye on the landlady or her daughter Sally? I presume it is the latter.' 'Jests aside, Bill, you know very well whom I allude to. Here, give me your hand, boy, upon the honor of a gentleman, that you will take no ungenerous advantage of her till I see you again.' 'I herewith pledge myself,' extending my hand to him, 'not to take any advantage of that girl, which may not receive the sanction of her own approbation.' 'You equivocate, Bill: however, I shall soon be with you.' 'Adieu, Captain.' 'Adieu, Bill. Take notice, we are friends only on certain

conditions.' He smiled; and I left him, all impatience to return to the lowly cottage.

WILLIAM DE BENSON.

*Rahway-Bridge, May 9.*

THE surest means, according to the creed of rakes, to take a girl's heart, is to draw her eye and her attention by a seemingly mysterious conduct. It excites their curiosity. Fancy, ever busy in forming images, leads a sensible heart to conjecture things on which they build a certain surmise of our consequence in wealth and opulence, or a supposition, that we possibly labour under oppressions, and of course claim compassion. The avenues of the heart being, from either of these causes, opened—for what girl can withstand grandeur? what one can close her heart to the calls of pity? we half ensure ourselves a conquest ere we utter a word, and step in as privileged possessors of the little pit-a-pat.

This is the conduct I have hitherto observed with this girl. Not until yesterday did I venture to speak to her, and then I addressed her in the high tone of arrogance, mingled with a lofty condescension. She shrunk, as if electrized with the sound of my voice, and answered my questions only in monosyllables.

It is now four o'clock, afternoon: the cottagers all busy at different employments. The old dame, Wilmot, spinning, Margaretta knitting, and Adelle at the winding-blades: I will step over and give myself an introduction in form; and, to amuse you, will afterward condescend to trifle my time away, in imparting our conversation minutely to you.

Evening.—The landlady declaimed to me, much against my inclination, on the platform, with small talk to which I was in politeness compelled to listen. though *with a due degree of impatience and inattention*. Meantime I saw Margaretta walk into a neighbouring cottage. In less than ten minutes after, I observed a comely youth, of a rustic appearance, trip hastily in after her. In a short time I saw them walking on the green, under the apple-trees, that were blooming as their visitors.—It was a pretty sight. The idea of a rival had never before this evening pervaded my brain; and as the pang crossed



my breast, I inadvertently exclaimed, 'death! and hell!' 'Perhaps, sir,' said the still babbling landlady, 'you would rather be among them young folks there.' She laughed, as in derision, at the idea of sending me among those lowly people.—'No, madam, but who are they?' 'Very poor folks, very poor, indeed, I assure you. That young man you see walking so stately up and down with Margaretta, is a sweetheart of her's. He is a rich farmer's son; but the scornful creature keeps him at such a distance, that every body says she will one day or other rue it. Now I could venture to lay any thing, that if you would court her but an hour, you might gain her consent to run away with you; that's because you are a gentleman; but pride, sir, must have a fall one day or other; and this will be her case, mind my word, sir.'

'Then she is mine,' said I, mentally; for among the vulgar and envious it is thought a great fall, when a girl betters her fortune by running away with a gentleman.

I continued pacing the platform till Margaretta left the cottage. According to the village custom, in passing me, she dropped a courtesy, and hastily retired, through the thick branching trees, into her humble door.

Be kind enough to go to my lodgings, where you will find a small trunk in the inner closet, send it up, with the horses, which I shall also have occasion for, by my servant.

To-morrow morning I shall make my first visit at the cottage: the next day I hie to P——. Sandy may, if he should chance to arrive ere my return, put up at the sign of the Unicorn.

WILLIAM DE BENSON.

*Rahway-Bridge, May 10.*

I HAVE NOW arrived one step nearer the completion of my work, by giving myself somewhat of an introduction to this charming maid.

I seated myself at a window that commands a full view of the cottage. A heavy gust of rain, attended with thunder and lightning, had fallen about an hour previously. The cottage appears to have been built

anterior to the ark; the rain therefore had beat in, and almost inundated its fundation. Margaretta, who was alone, was busy sweeping and cleansing the floor of the filth and water, that the storm had in torrents poured in through every opening that time had made in the corners of the house. She, in the interim, came to the door to wring a cloth, with which she dried the sill.—I took this opportunity and addressed her with 'My pretty girl, your hands are too small and delicate to do such drudgery; would you not rather be a lady, and have servants to wait on you?' She blushed, smiled, and withdrew silently into the cottage. Her work, however, brought her again to the door. She first peeped, to see if she could venture out with impunity. I reclined my head behind the window casement, until she was too far out to retreat thus hastily. 'Say, my lovely girl, will you be a lady? indeed you shall be as happy as wealth can make you.' 'Happy, did you say, sir?' 'Yes, my love.' 'Why I am happy.' 'But would you not wish to see your parents exempted from labour?' 'Indeed, for the sake of my parents, I should wish for a competency.' 'If that be all you wish for, allow me to come and see you at the cottage; let me assure you, that it shall be henceforth at your option to see your parents placed in a situation to enjoy, in peace and contentment, the wished-for competency; or to remain the poor laborious earth-worms, which so justly excite your compassion. But allow me to step over; I will convince you, that it is my earnest wish to place you in easier circumstances. I think you deserve a better fate.' 'Our door, sir, is ever open to civil people.' 'Then I shall take the liberty to come, for I am civil, and wish you well, Margaretta.'

Slowly I walked over, meditating on the manner in which my proposal might be introduced with the most delicacy. She had spoken but a few sentences, yet what she said, betrayed an intelligent mind and a feeling heart: a mind that must not be trifled with; a heart that ought to be revered with the sanctity of virtue. I entered undetermined.

'Where are your parents?'

'They are gone to plant potatoes.'

'When do you expect them home?'



'Toward evening.'

'Were you alone during the thunder-gust?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And did it not infuse a dread on your mind?'

'It once had that effect on me, till I made myself acquainted with the nature of lightning, and now I regard it as an indispensable blessing.'

Why, bless me! how did you derive information of the nature of it?'

'By reading, sir.'

'Then, I presume, you are fond of reading?'

'Reading, sir, constitutes my greatest felicity.'

'But of all books you read, you no doubt prefer novels?'

'I cannot with truth say that I give them the preference; yet there are a few, which, in my opinion, might rank among the foremost of literary productions.'

'Point one out to me.'

'Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.'

'And do you suppose there exists, in reality, a character as profligate as the young squire is delineated to you?'

'In truth, sir, I cannot tell. I hope, for the honour of human nature, that there does not.'

Innocent creature, thought I, time will convince you of an existing reality, that may contract your expanded heart at a moment of unsuspecting confidence. I could have offered her my hand, as she already possesses my heart, but beggary stared me in the face: and I repelled this honest thought as an insidious intruder.

'In this rural retirement,' continued she, 'one has but few opportunities to study human nature; yet what has come under my observation, I have but little reason to declaim against. I often wonder at the exaggerated pictures of it, by some declamatory authors, and wish to know from what cause their malevolence originates.'

'Men of genius, Margaretta, are apt to arrogate to themselves, a superiority, that the common class have not the inclination to grant them. They consider themselves entitled to certain tributes of honour; conscious of possessing such attributes as may with justice claim them. Their pride takes alarm at the world's remissness; and human nature is le-

velled without distinction, as an object beneath the dignity of genius, and worthy only to be treated as a subject of derision and contempt.'

'If then,' said she, 'men are so prone to suppose themselves one exalted above the other, in so eminent a degree, what can we conclude therefrom, but that the same frail nature, which they are so excessively exasperated against, must, in confutation of their superior pretences, be nevertheless their actuating principle.'

'A very good inference, Margaretta. But they suppose their moral nature more dignified in consequence of a higher cultivation.'

'The very reverse. While they are studious to promote the pleasure of others, by imparting their knowledge, which they attain by intense study, and every kind of bodily abstinence, they labour under many difficulties which we have no idea of. Their temper becomes soured by disappointments; and the man, who in the hours of thoughtless ignorance, would have been the gay, prattling companion, is then only distinguishable by his austerity and moroseness; two qualities which plainly indicate internal uneasiness; and of course, a state of mind, not in any degree enviable.'

'Then I will hug myself in the security of my ignorance, and never aspire to the possession of more than may be sufficient to instruct me in the discharge of my duties, assigned me to perform in my humble situation.'

'But Margaretta, though every one has not the capacity to write, we may all read; and it is the purest source of rational amusement, from which many advantages flow. And permit me to say, that it is in my power to place you in a situation, that your every moment may be improved as your inclinations may direct. Consider, my lovely girl, on the difference of spending a life with a clown, performing such menial duties, which nature has evidently not designed you for, and embracing one in which wealth and affluence await you.'

The deepest vermillion suffused itself over her countenance. She muttered some broken sentences; and in utmost confusion averted her glowing face.

(To be continued)



## THE BEGGAR-GIRL: A NOVEL.

By the Authoress of the *Second Vindication of the Rights of Women*....Never before Published.

[CONTINUED.]

AROUND the blazing fire of the friendly and social Sontine were assembled his convivial guests, all but Pellemont; who, having passed a sleepless night, was the last that made his appearance in the breakfast-parlour. He came in as the company were seating themselves to table; and his heavy eye denoted want of rest; this was jocularly attributed to the prevalence of his love for a noted beauty; and, with a smile he seemed to accede to the truth of the remark, when, with a lengthened visage, he began to detail the adventure of the night. 'Monsieur Sontine, I have an idea that your house is infested with spirits!' The company smiled: Sontine looked at Madame, and she blushed. Pellemont continued; 'It is strange, however, that a man of your liberality, should be cruel enough to starve your ghosts! for, as sure as I live, I have heard them complain of hunger.' Something like wonder was evidently depicted on Monsieur Sontine's countenance. Madame, in handing, spilt half a cup of coffee into the plate of poached eggs. 'And,' continued he, 'what seems stranger still, is, that the voice of one of the spirits sounded masculine, the other feminine.' Here the company broke out into a loud laugh. Madame put salt, instead of sugar, into the coffee-cup. 'Now if I dare presume to advise you respecting your airy boarders, it would be to feed them well, that they may not henceforth interrupt the peace of their neighbours with unreasonable complaints.' 'Let me ask you,' said Monsieur Sontine, somewhat seriously, 'of what nation are my ghosts?' 'French,' said Pellemont. Astonishment beamed from the eyes of Sontine. His earnest look was a check upon the mirth and hilarity of his guests. 'I have heard of the ghosts in the south-window already,' said he, 'and after breakfast I shall inspect my house.'

The vivid hue of Madame's complexion gradually declined into a livid paleness. It was not, however, observed by any but her husband. She hastily left the parlour, without excuse or apology;

summoned Betty to the chamber, and ordered her to go instantly and lead them two French devils into the upper-loft.—Be quick, dear Betty, or I am lost, I am ruined for ever!

This agent in mischief, had barely time to tie on her mask, and lead the quivering, hungry, wretches into the first loft, when she heard a footstep on the stairs. She ordered them to creep under the bed; they obeyed; and, by the time she had thrown the counterpane over it, and seated herself to hide them more effectually, John, the coachman, came whistling into his room. He was surprised to see Betty sit so composedly in the garret, when he knew that her attendance below must be very necessary. He, however, said nothing, but walked quietly up towards the bed, and was on the point of stooping to reach after some saddling-tools that lay under it, when Betty, with one spring, bounced at him, and threw him to the other end of the garret. John had too much good sense to retaliate meanly upon a woman; besides, something that he had seen under the bed, as he raised himself off the floor, gave rise to an idea that Betty had concealed her sweetheart there, and he determined to take a more ample revenge, than merely to bestow a few blows for the offence; he left the room without uttering a word.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1801.

## THE MONITOR—NO. VII.

If it were possible for an observer to stand on an eminence, and take a scrutinizing view of the busy multitude, and hear their different complaints, it would no doubt appear, that idleness is the ostensible cause of much misery to mortals. Industry is an appendix to human happiness; this the laws of nature speak in the most intelligible language! Inactiveness is productive of sickness and death. The stagnant pool, whose confinement precludes motion, becomes vaporous and unhealthy; but the running rivulet, the ebbing river, and the flowing sea, ever retain their original purity by their incessant motion. Ponderous as are the globes of our plane-



tary system, yet, no less active are they in performing their respective revolutions, than the little bee in gathering honey. The comparison is simple, but nevertheless just. For, to any thing else, we could not with purity compare the unremitting motion of the planets. Man only appears to be naturally indolent: his invention is continually on the rack to contrive methods by which he may push through life with the most ease and convenience. Necessity and ambition are his only stimulatives to industry; without those, arts, sciences, and mechanism would never have arrived to the length of their present perfection. Every animal is, by instinct, impressed with a certain knowledge of the necessity of a due degree of activeness; and in whatever course nature designed them to act, they perform their parts without the smallest deviation. Ambition, in a man, is certainly a natural principle, and we might, with some degree of plausibility, suppose it to be *instinct refined upon*, but it does not sway alike in every breast. Necessity, is a common substitute for ambition; this urges to industry, and industry produces happiness. Every end of nature is promoted by this excellent auxiliary: through its means the body enjoys health, and the mind refreshing vigour. The conscience is also left unpolluted with the accusation, of having omitted the incumbent duties that, as mortals, we owe to ourselves, and society. Industry, likewise, confers dignity on the character, and peace to the soul; it precludes the necessity of unjust complaints against the wise dispensations of heaven, for smiling plenty is its natural attendant.

It is atrociously sinful and wicked in man, impiously to assert, that his destiny in life is full of misery and wretchedness. It is the basest ingratitude, he can possibly make himself guilty of, towards his heavenly benefactor. The cause of wretchedness may be traced, either in the misapplication of the properties of our nature, or in sinful indolence; and how dare man to arraign the wisdom of God, when, with every various blessing that is so abundantly poured out to him, he enjoys a free will to use them, as reason, or inclination may urge. Nor can he with impunity complain of the comparative weakness of reason, to the turbulent sway of

contradictory inclinations. The passions by which we are actuated, are as necessary to our existence, as food to the prolongation of life; but reason is given to meliorate their temper, and restrain their petulant sway. Reason cannot be defined more explicitly plain, than in the simple term of **FREE WILL**. In every thing, nature has her undeviating laws; use your **WILL** consistantly with your ideas of permanent happiness, happiness will be the consequence, if it consist in nothing but the consciousness of having acted with the propriety of reason. To endeavour, to make life as pleasant as possible, is one among our first duties; for a grateful heart is all our Creator wishes, in return for his beneficence; and, to murmur at our destiny, betrays a want of gratitude in a superlative degree. Activeness in a mind and body, is generally followed with pleasing sensations: the performance of duty is virtue, and happiness is inseparably connected with virtue.

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

#### WRITTEN IN THE "NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE."

Blest be the princes who have fought  
For pompous names, or wide dominion;  
Since by their errors we are taught  
That happiness is but opinion!

#### MARRIED,

At Providence, on Wednesday last, by the late Dr. Hitchcock, Mr. HENRY P. FRANKLIN, of New-York, merchant, to Miss ALLEN, daughter of the late Captain Allen, of that town.

On Wednesday last, in the Friends' meeting, at Stanton-Hill, THOMAS GOULD, merchant, to DORCAS BARNEY, both of Albany.

#### DIED,

Near Albany, JAMES L. BOGART, Esq. one of the Directors of the Washington Mutual Assurance Company, of this city. The affectionate husband, and the honest man.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Ladies' Monitor.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LINES

## "ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY."

YOUR lines, warm from the passions' fountain flow;  
 They speak the language of love's rapt'rous glow;  
 With look impassion'd you behold your fair,  
 And say, her frown would hurl you to despair.  
 You swear you love....this indicates to me  
 That in your breast a lurking doubt must be.  
 Does truth need oaths? No; truth is self-confind;  
 Her language flows full simple from the mind.  
 That heart, where honour dwells, would scorn to beat,  
 If it a truthful 'yea,' must twice repeat.  
 Then with sincerity, say strait....'I love,'  
 This simple term Maria must approve.  
 Or, if her heart be pledg'd and to your lay  
 A deaf-ned ear, her duty make her pay,  
 Your oath would prove a forfeit of respect:  
 Oaths speak th' ignoble mind in terms direct.

But if by truth and youthful ardour led,  
 You love Maria and her think to wed,  
 Pray list awhile to what Experience says,  
 Nor shrink, with terror, from her tuneless lays.

Say, is it beauty, only, holds your heart?  
 Can this to you that ardent glow impart?  
 And is her sense wrapp'd in her graceful move?  
 Experience says, this does not sanction love!  
 This is the meteor of a Summer's day,  
 Which Winter's louing blast soon sweep away:  
 For if by chance, Maria's beauty fade  
 Ere time, the case, for wrinkles may have made,  
 What then could compensate your weary eye?  
 Or what your languid gaze of love supply?  
 Can pity keep the roving heart in tune?  
 Experience says, 'it is a paltry boon!  
 Love's price is love; by pity it may fail,  
 And every woe of life hence may entail.'

Though now Maria's beauty is your theme,  
 And in her form each charm combin'd may seem;  
 Though now she is the goddess of your lay,  
 And at her shrine each homage due you pay;  
 Yet, trust me when I tell you, wedded love  
 Will soon a film from off the eye remove!  
 That which now seems perfection to the eye,  
 You then, as hugh defects, will soon descry.  
 The change is oft creative of much ill,  
 For caprice sometimes rules the wedded will.  
 Your aim you miss, if beauty be your prize;

Then let these precepts early make you wise.  
 If in Maria mental charms abound;  
 If in her heart sweet charity be found;  
 If pity swell, with humid beam, her eye:  
 If woe-fraught tales can prompt her bosom's sigh;  
 Then dare to love; then grasp Maria's hand:  
 With such a maid life's ills you may withstand;  
 The soul's congenial rapture then will flow,  
 And on your love the stamp of worth bestow.  
 Then wrinkles, age, and ills you may defy,  
 And blissful mount into your native sky.

## CHARITY.

For the Ladies' Monitor.

## LINES

Written extempore on a pane in a window of Sterling Castle, Scotland, by ROBERT BURNS, the celebrated Ayrshire poet. Not published in his works.

HERE STEWART's once in triumph reign'd,  
 And laws for Scotia's weal ordain'd;  
 But now unroof'd their palace stands:  
 Their sceptre's fallen to other hands.  
 The injur'd STEWART's line is gone;  
 A race outlandish fills the throne:  
 An idiot race, to honour lost;  
 Who know *them*-best despise *them* most

Written below by a gentleman.

THUS wretches write whom sordid gain  
 Drags in factions gilded chain:  
 But can a mind which truth inspires,  
 When genius lights her highest fires;  
 Can Burns, disdaining truth and law,  
 Faction's venom'd dagger draw;  
 And skulking, with a villain's aim,  
 Thus basely stab his monarch's name.  
 Yes; Burns its o'er, thy race is run,  
 And shades receive thy setting sun.  
 With pain thy wayward fate I see,  
 And mourn the fate that's doom'd for thee;  
 These few rash lines shall damn thy name,  
 And blast thy hopes of future fame.

THE sense of death is most in apprehension;  
 And the poor heetle that we tread upon,  
 In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
 As when a giant dies.

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